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Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

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PINE RIDGE GUESTS

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF HUMANE WORK**

Humane week is over. We are wondering how long the effect of it will be felt. Is it supposed to last all the year round so that no other teaching on the subject will be necessary? We hope that through the influence of this one week—or one day of the week—there may be awakened in the hearts or minds of some teachers and ministers a sense of duty to what are called our dumb friends (though they are not dumb) and that there will be occasional half hours all through the year given to the subject of Kindness, which, if we would only consider it, is one of the most important lessons to be learned in life for it makes all the difference between happiness and misery for us as well as for the lower order of creation.—A. H. S.

Ways of Kindness.

Some people think that only those persons who belong to a Humane Society are expected to report cases of cruelty to animals which they see or know about. This is a mistake. Those who are not members, as well as those who are, should notify the nearest humane officer or agent when they know of the abuse or suffering of any animal. All communications are confidential.

If you know of a horse that is not properly taken care of, or is kept in a cold or dirty stable, or is worked when lame or very old tell the humane officer about the case.

If you know of a dog, chained all the time without exercise, or one without water or proper shelter, tell the humane officer about the case.

If you know of a cat not well fed or cared for, tell the humane officer about the case.

In some cases it might be better first to speak to the owner yourself, or write a kind letter.

The law says that: No animal may be starved or abused. No horse beaten or overloaded, and it punishes those persons who are cruel to animals. The law against cruelty includes the cruel abandoning of animals.—Western Humane Press Committee.

Do not be afraid of being called “tender hearted.” It has long been a matter of pride with a certain class of people to smother feeling, to beware of tender sentiment. We have seen and heard so much during the last five years of the horrors that result from the lack of tender sentiment that it seems as if it might be wise to try what effect it would have on the world to cultivate tender feeling and make a study of kindness.

How many people ever try to think how their actions or words affect the human beings or the fourfooted animals they meet as they pass on their way through life? How many people care whether they cause happiness or misery in the world? Kindness is a foreign and unknown language to many. It is time we took it up as a study.—A. H. S.

About Birds.

Certain men and women who go into schools and other places to lecture about birds do more harm than good to the birds, and to the general cause of humanity. Children have been encouraged to make collections of birds' eggs whereby thousands of birds have been lost to the world. They have been taken on “bird walks” and allowed or told to peer into every bush and tree to see if they can find a bird's nest, the teacher not thinking that if a bird is building a nest, or has already a nest and is beginning to lay her eggs in it, a party of children will frighten her away and it is a doubt if she will ever return. How shall we teach children to know the birds and their habits you ask?

Tell the children to listen to the bird songs. They may very quietly get near enough the songster to observe what is its size and color, then by means of one of the many bird books and bird charts they can find the name of the bird. If they see that a bird is building a nest, instead of going up to the bush or tree, tell them to go farther away from it. We can watch the building of a nest from quite a long distance, and then we shall not disturb the bird.

Children can save their pennies and buy bird houses to put up in their gardens. Boys can often make very good bird houses themselves. We should tell children to save bread crumbs and feed the birds in winter. Beg the children not

to listen to anyone who tells them to destroy the nests of the English sparrow or shoot at and try to kill them.

In the first place the English sparrows devour a great many more insects and worms than they get credit for. I have seen this myself. In the second place, even if they ought to be killed (which I would not for a moment grant) children or boys of any age should never be encouraged to kill anything. It hardens them and makes them cruel.

There are so many varieties of sparrows that I cannot begin to describe them here, but this I know, that very few boys can distinguish between the English sparrow and some of our native sparrows, so that any permission to shoot English sparrows is certain to lead boys to shoot and kill other more highly valued birds.—A. H. S.

A Pigeon Hero.

A carrier pigeon was taking a message when a German bullet broke its leg and drove the metal message-carrier into its body. But the bird flew on and brought the message safely to headquarters, then fell dead. When we stop to think how much we owe to the horses, dogs, pigeons of the war, surely we ought not to ignore their needs and make them of so little account. Many instances have also been given of the help and comfort our men got from the companionship of cats in the trenches. Cats that had been made homeless by the destruction of villages went bravely into the trenches and actually protected the soldiers from the assaults of rats.

Taxing Cats.

After the failure of New York and New Jersey to pass legislation for the taxation of cats (in the interest of bird protection), it is presumptuous for a member of the Connecticut Legislature to introduce a bill levying a tax of twenty-five cents on every cat in that state. There is a plausible argument in favor of the taxation of cats. They destroy insect-destroying birds, and there are so many of them that they ought to afford a considerable revenue. One wonders that Uncle Sam, who has lately taxed about everything except door-knobs and trousers-buttons, has not thought of taxing the millions of cats in the land.

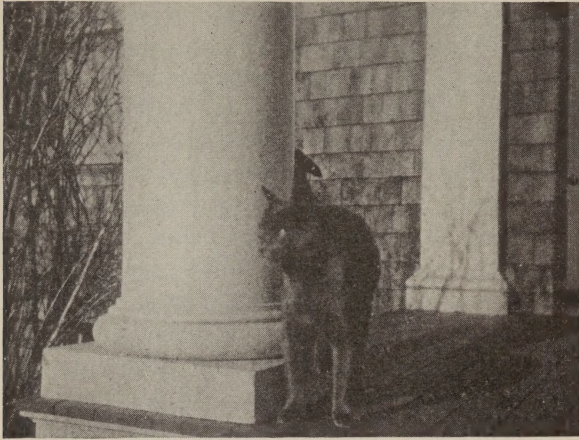
Isn't it strange? Well, no, in reality it is not, for cat taxation has always fallen down for one good and sufficient reason—you cannot collect a tax from a cat. Suppose you tax each cat twenty-five cents, half a dollar, or even a dollar. The collector comes around. The possessor of the cat denies that he owns a cat. The collector points to pussy snoozing on the rug before the fire. "Well, take the cat," says the owner. The tax collector tries to take the cat. But even if he catches her, he gets nothing but scratches for his pains. The chances are that he cannot catch her; she is on the roof before he can get near her, and he cannot follow her over the ridge-poles and along the rain-spouts. It is possible, of course, that he might shoot her. The Supreme Court has decided that "the power to tax is the power to destroy." But even if the tax collector killed the cat, he could not collect the tax. The common cat, indeed, seems to be taxation-proof. Besides, does she not destroy more food-ravaging and pestilence-propagating rats and mice than she does insectivorous birds?—The "Nomad," in Boston Transcript.

Since the above article was written, the attempt to tax cats in Connecticut has ended as all such unreasonable demands ought to end, in total failure. We have never heard of but one state that passed a law to license cats and this state soon found that the law could not be enforced. That is not the way to meet the difficulty.

Humane societies should make an effort to secure without cruelty and put humanely to death the homeless and neglected cats, and do everything possible to educate the public so that families could not keep so many female cats, or let whole litters of kittens live, giving them away, often where they will be neglected, rather than to have them put to death. Death is the least evil that can befall those dogs and cats for whom good homes cannot be found. Cats would be more highly prized if they were not so numerous.—A. H. S.

The twentieth annual report of the Animal Rescue League is now ready. It will be sent free to any address on request.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG



A LEAGUE CAT IN A HAPPY HOME

TOPSY

Over the top of her basket bed
She was the first to raise her head
Of all the bunch (this time there were four)
The instant we opened the kitchen door,
To peer at us with wondering eyes—
The world was so new, so full of surprise;
And over the top the coal-black mite
Was first to scramble—a perilous height
To one so tiny as that small kit!
Was it mere curiosity prompted it?
“Curiosity killed a cat,” they say;
We fear ’twill cause the death some day
Of Topsy.

Over the top of tables and chairs,
Over the floors and over the stairs,
She madly dashes, that witch cat wee,
Like a whirlwind loosed, while we wonderingly
Half expect, in the twilight gloom,
To see some witch astride of her broom,
In close pursuit of the elfin thing.
No wonder such shouts and laughter ring!
Forgot for the nonce are the troubles of life,
Its griefs and worries, its struggles and strife,
As we watch the antics of one so gay
From early morn till the close of day
As Topsy.

As black as the ace of spades is she,
Most sombre of hue this catkin wee,
But could anything quicker banish the gloom,
And put more sunshine into a room,
Than this mysterious, wild little witch,
Who holds her own to the very last ditch?
Always the first to come over the top
With a flirt of her tail and a gay little hop—
Whose inky face is the first to appear
Whenever she hears our footsteps near—
There are very good reasons, don’t you see,
Why we all have decided her name should be
Just Topsy.

—LOUELLA C. POOLE, in the Boston Transcript.

A Valuable Cat.

Pawtucket has an exceptional brooder in operation, the like of which probably cannot be found elsewhere in the state. Novices may be interested in knowing that a brooder is one device in which the newly hatched chicks taken from an incubator are placed to keep them warm—an arrangement with flannel curtains that serve the same purpose as the downy breast of the mother hen.

This particular brooder is a good-sized black cat, and it is exercising the functions of a hen by cuddling the chicks; the weaker they are in the first few days of their existence, the more attentive she is to them. She may be seen any day in a Pawtucket bird store, on Main Street, of which Charles Thornton is the proprietor.

Mr. Thornton explains that the cat was a homeless creature when he took her in, three years ago, and her general appearance attests the fact. The kind of an animal that would not be welcomed in most homes because of her scrawney, more or less moth-eaten condition; but she has characteristics not common with her species, in that she will not harm any of the feathered creatures that are there on sale.

“Puss is a little more than three years old,” Mr. Thornton said, “her first appearance in my store being when a neighbor turned her loose. In many respects she is a remarkable creature, but her strong point is as a nurser of weak chicks.

“From the very first she manifested deep concern for little chickens. The first I noticed of this trait was when she got up into a box in which I had placed a number of chicks, and settled down to mother them. She carefully placed herself so that she would not injure any of the little things, and actually drew them close to her body.

“From that day, during the chick season, she has persistently acted in the capacity of a brooder. She not only keeps them warm, but she keeps them clean, washing them as though they were kittens. The weaker they are, the greater the attention she bestows upon them. To illustrate, I will place several lively chicks beside her and then add one that is weak. Watch and see what follows.”

Mr. Thornton carried out that program. Puss allowed the hardier chicks to cuddle close

to her body, but when the sickly one was added she extended a paw, gathered in the chick, gently pushed it under her leg and closed in the paw so that the chick was completely out of sight.

Continuing, Mr. Thornton said: "Puss may be a ragged appearing cat, but she has earned her keep a good many times over. During the last year she saved the lives of no less than 38 chicks that otherwise would have been lost. We tried her out on one chick that was so far gone that its little legs stuck out stiff. Puss made special efforts to nurse that youngster to life. We had left it lying motionless on top of a box. Puss sized up the situation, took charge of the chick, warmed its body and cared for it until it was strong.

"She sleeps with a lot of the chicks during the night, creeping into the box with them. In the day time she goes from one box to another, mothering first one lot and then another.

"The chicks are not at all afraid of her, for some of them climb up on her back. Puss never resents these liberties. I might explain a little more fully how I happened to discover her peculiar trait. I had selected 50 chicks for a Pawtucket man and placed them in a special box until he should call.

"When he arrived at the store I took him to the back room, and to our astonishment the cat was in the box and relatively few of the chicks, apparently, remained. I had an idea that the cat had gotten away with the missing members of the flock, but on lifting her, I found that she was serving in the capacity of a brooder. The chicks had buried themselves in her thick fur and had been kept as warm as newly made toast. After that, Puss was accepted as the official brooder of the shop.

"While her extraordinary performance is not generally known in Pawtucket, quite a few are acquainted with her eccentricities. At times these have led to much discussion.

"For instance, a boy who attends the Grove Street School came into the store one day soon after I had placed two newly laid hen's eggs under the cat to keep them warm, intending to eat them presently. The boy was looking for chicks, and as a pleasantry I told him that if he waited long enough I could give him two that were newly hatched.

"He wanted to see the hen that was sitting on the eggs, and to carry out the little joke I showed him the store cat. At the same time I took one of the eggs from under the cat and placed it against his cheek that he might feel how warm it was.

"A few days later something came up in the school which enabled this lad to tell of the wonderful sight he had seen—a cat hatching out hen's eggs. The teacher remarked that he must be 'nutty,' or words to that effect, but he persisted in his story until he was told to sit down.

"The teacher brought the matter to the attention of Superintendent Draper, and it was intimated that perhaps it might be well to have the boy examined as to his mentality.

"Superintendent Draper called at the store, asked about the cat, was shown Puss in the act of nursing a group of chicks, and went away chuckling merrily. A few days after he made that call two women came into the store. Something told me that they were school teachers, and guessing why they had called, I went to the back room and saw that Puss had a good-sized family of chicks to care for.

"When I returned to the front store one of the women asked me if I had any cats on the premises. I told them that I could sell them a good Angora, and possibly might hunt up a good Baltimore Tiger.

"That is not what I am looking for," she replied. "Have you a cat that is taking care of chickens?"

"I had guessed right the very first time. These were teachers from the Grove Street School. I escorted them to the back room and showed them Puss at her very best as a brooder. They were enraptured and went away singing her praises. I had a second call from Superintendent Draper, who wanted to know if I had seen the two teachers. I told him that I had, whereupon he dropped the remark that there were some in the city fully as 'nutty' about the cat that was nursing chicks as the lad was thought to be when he told of the wonderful sight he had seen.

"I have had a remarkable experience with homeless cats. Once before I took one in that was half starved and looked as though it had been through a threshing machine. It was late

in the afternoon, and after feeding the wanderer I left it in the shop over night, although not without misgivings.

"When I opened the shop the next morning there sat Mr. Cat complacently licking its chops and the thought ran through my mind that he must have been having a fine feed on some of the canaries. But he had not touched any of them and he never did, excepting that he would take a canary in his mouth, carry it to another part of the store and gently release it. He never offered to injure one of these and never touched little chickens. He repaid my kindness by the finest ratting I ever saw done, and remained a welcome guest until one day he was unfortunately caught under an automobile and killed."

While Mr. Thornton was thus expatiating on the merits of the cats he had met with, Puss gave an exhibition all of her own. The hardy chicks had been taken away from her, and the sickly one placed in a box with other weaklings. Puss went searching for the little thing, fussed until it was placed beside her, and softly drew it under her foreleg, closing in the paw and putting the chick completely out of view. Then she settled down to a quiet nap.—Exchange.



A Glad Little Kitty.

Down by the seaside, amid all its delights, Annie was not quite satisfied. She had no kitty to pet and be petted, and she was on the lookout for one.

So one day her mother was not much surprised to see her walking in with as pretty a specimen as could be desired, perched upon her shoulder.

He had on a brown and white coat of fluffy fur, with four large brown buttons down the back, very stylish indeed!

"He is mine," said Annie joyfully. "Mrs. Brown gave him to me. Wasn't she good?"—which, considering that she had only four remaining, besides mamma Tabby, was certainly most generous!

Kitty was so frolicsome, so easily wanted to his new home, that all the family fell in love with him, and united in thinking up a name pretty and not common.

"Why not 'Buttons'?" asked mamma, and Buttons it was, suggestive of his own dress and the "cottage village" of his birthplace.

One sad fault our pet had. He was too fond of gadding about among the neighbors, and often strayed away among the rocks and was gone for hours, coming home quite regularly, however, in time for his supper of milk and mashed potatoes, of which he seemed especially fond.

One day he did not come home at all, nor the next, nor the next after that.

Sir Henry Irving.

"The only time I ever saw Sir Henry in tears," said Fuller Mellish, "was when 'Fussy' died in Manchester. 'Fussy' was a fox terrier, bred in the stables of Lord Falmouth, who gave him to Ellen Terry. The little dog eventually came into Irving's hands and for years was his constant companion. Old, lame, and blind, he was so attached to his master that he would have nothing to do with any of the rest of us. Sir Henry had just finished a performance of 'The Battle of Waterloo' when some one brought word that 'Fussy' had fallen down a trap and broken his neck. The news was kept from Irving, but, as was his custom, he called the dog as soon as the curtain was down. Everybody stood by silently, but none of us could make up our minds to tell him the truth. Finally Irving saw that something was wrong. He looked from one to the other of us."

"Don't tell me he's dead," he said.

And as he realized that such was the case, he broke down completely and sobbed like a child.

Of course there were many inquiries and exclamations of "Where can Buttons be?" or "Oh dear, I'm afraid some one has stolen him, he is so cunning!"

But mamma was cruel enough to suggest that perhaps, as he had felt at home so soon with us, it might be the same somewhere else—in fact, that he was, in spite of his loving ways, only a tramp kitten with no deep home affections. How deceived she was!

On the evening of the third day Nora, the maid, was taking a walk with some friends quite at the end of the village. They were standing under a tree, chatting merrily, when a little kitten ran across the street towards them.

"Why, kitty, kitty, who do you want?" said one of the girls. Nora was talking busily, and did not notice him at all until she felt something pushing her ankle above her low shoes. She glanced at him, and then went on talking. Again she felt the kitty rubbing against her, and this time she thought of Buttons, but as his mistress had put a tiny bell on his neck, and she did not hear the tinkle, she dismissed the idea, till again she felt the prick of his little claws and his little body rubbing against her, and this time she took him up and looked at him carefully. Yes, it was Buttons indeed, although his bell was gone, and he looked quite thin and tired.

Then he began to purr and cling to her, and Nora hurried home with him.

Everybody was glad to see him, and crowded around to inquire where he had been and why he had stayed away so long, but he only said, "Purr, purr." Then Annie brought him some milk and mashed potatoes, and didn't he eat and drink!

First he would take a sup of milk, and then a bit of potato, till both were gone, and then he ran towards the cellar door, to go to bed. And there he was in the morning, just where Nora had put him, instead of being up and off for a stroll long before any one else was awake.

All day, too, he stayed at home and tried to express his joy at being back with such good friends by rubbing against them, hopping up on Annie's shoulder and kissing her with his soft tongue. So Annie called him "a *glad* little kitty." A wise little kitty, too, was he not, to pick his friend Nora out among all her friends? Do you suppose he ever ran away again?—A. H. BRONSON.

Two True Animal Stories.

A SPOILED HORSE.

Dolly was getting old and cranky, in fact we might call her spoiled. When a young horse she had worked hard helping her mistress earn their living.

She was owned by a business woman who had done well in real estate and Dolly had made many a long hard trip inspecting property through the country in the early days. But now her mistress owned a fine automobile in which she drove daily while Dolly was exercised along the back streets by a colored servant.

Consequently Dolly felt that she was growing useless and this made her feel peevish as her mistress had always humored her every whim. Now one thing Dolly was very fussy about was the hours for her meals. She demanded them to be regular and on time. At twelve o'clock the whistles blew and as soon as Dolly heard this sound she knew very well it meant dinner and she would commence to whinny. She was always fed promptly, until one day her mistress was out in her machine with the chauffeur until after twelve o'clock, so at noon there was nobody at home to feed Dolly.

Being hitched outside in the yard, she went up and looked in the dining-room window and when she saw no signs of any one there she turned disgustedly around and began to kick the side of the house with might and main jarring the house in such a manner that several hand-painted plates, very valuable ones, decorating the plate rail, were knocked down and broken. When her mistress returned she knew at once by the marks on the house and on the ground just what had happened. Her husband impatiently said when he heard what had happened:

"See here, Kate, its all nonsense keeping that cranky nag. She is eating her head off and now here are several hundred dollars worth of china smashed all on her account. You have that useless animal killed."

Like a flash came the answer.

"Listen! That old horse helped me get what we've got and she can smash all the dishes she pleases. She will die a natural death." Which she did.

AN EASTER STORY.

Do cats understand things? Just before Easter once we happened to say, "Well, tomorrow is Easter and we haven't a thing to decorate the house with, not a single Easter decoration of any kind. We ought to have some Easter eggs or bunnies—"

Like a flash up jumped our kitty from his nap and commenced to mew wildly until we opened the door and let him out. We were not disturbed by him until the next morning, Easter Sunday. We heard a scratching at the back door and there stood kitty with something alive and wriggling in his mouth. The cat looked up at us as if to say, "I've done my duty. Now you do yours. Take this load off my hands."

"It's a little rabbit sure as you live," shrieked one of the boys. He bent down and took out of the cat's mouth a little baby rabbit very frightened but not hurt in the least. Kitty calmly curled herself up on her cushion and began to wash herself.

"Well," I laughed, "I shouldn't wonder if kitty heard us last night when we were talking of having no decorations for Easter and so she decided to get us an Easter bunny." But we wondered how the cat ever managed to capture a rabbit alive and bring it home without hurting it. It was the dearest little wild thing and we put it in a box so that we could display our Easter present as we were the only persons to receive a live Easter rabbit. We kept the little bunny until afternoon, then let the little creature go free.—HELEN LOUISE BENSON.

**CARE OF OUR
USEFUL FRIENDS**

Cats Save an Orchard.

Another champion of the cat has been located at Intervale, N. H. He is Oscar H. Jones, and in a communication to the Post, praising the felines' virtues he writes: "Having seen in your paper that some people are advocating the extermination of cats, I will speak in the cats' favor. Twelve years ago we bought a small farm and put out 200 apple trees. That winter 80 of them were girdled by mice and had to be replaced.

There were no cats on the premises. At that time the rats were gnawing on the harness in the barn. Since we have had cats we see no rats in the barn and we now have about 1,000 apple and other fruit trees. These have not been harmed by the rats. I think it would be rank injustice to farmers and others to pass such an arbitrary law which would permit the killing of cats. I would rather go without some food myself than see cats killed."



A PET CALF

I WONDER WHY!

Only a little wondering calf,
Here in the crowded car I lie,
With many more, on the slippery floor,
All sick and sad as I!

The world seemed such a happy place
Till yesterday—all bright and sweet,
With sunny space to run and race,
And green shade from the heat!

And water, fresh and cool and clear,
And friendly hands to pat my head,
And always food, so sweet and good,
And such a soft, dry bed!

There is no water here, nor food;
I called, and called—so did they all!
But no one heard—or no one cared—
And now we cannot call.

Only a little helpless calf,
Here in the crowded car I lie,
With many more, on the slippery floor—
And oh, I wonder why!

A Toad Bath.

"Everything possible has been done for the comfort of birds, but toads have been expected to take care of themselves. This is not fair, for toads are quite as useful in the garden as are the birds; and every toad is worth to the owner of a garden at least twenty shillings a year for the work he does.

"Birds are provided with baths, from one end of our country to the other; yet birds have wings and can fly long distances in search of water to drink and in which to bathe. Besides birds can drink; toads cannot. The only way a toad can supply himself with water is by absorbing it through his skin; toads suffer severely in dry weather; they shrivel up and die if left long without water.

"Provide your garden toad with a bathtub and treat yourself to a funny sight at the same time. The saucer of a flower pot makes a fine bathtub for a toad, unless you wish to line a hollow in the ground with smooth cement and fill it with water. You won't have to wait long, either, before you find a toad in the bath sprawling out and soaking in the water. After a toad has absorbed all the water he requires, he starts on the insect war-path in lively fashion.

"Our toad sits in its toad bath and winks at us in grateful fashion. Be kind to your toad and see for yourself what will happen."

Do not neglect to give your livestock proper care. It is dangerous to expose young stock, especially foals and colts, to spring rain storms. It is bad policy to turn the stock to pasture before the grass has well started—bad for the pasture and bad for the stock. Look out for sore shoulders and backs, especially in plowing. Be sure your collars fit. A collar too big is as bad as one too small. When the horses are at work on warm days, lift up the collars now and then to cool their shoulders, and wipe off the sweat and dirt with a bunch of grass. In warm weather, thorough grooming is almost as important as feeding.—G. MILLER.

The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath.—BACON.



✿
BUNGALOW NOTES
✿

PINE RIDGE, April 17.—It is a cold, dismal day, the rain pattering down steadily on the bird shelves outside my windows, and the birds safely under such cover as they can find in the ever-green trees and shrubs, and in the barn and sheds.

Peter has been out, this I know to my sorrow, for he came just now and planted a pair of very wet, muddy and cold paws on my lap and looked up at me beseechingly. I hastened with him to the kitchen to his friend, Harriet, who stopped her ironing and wiped his muddy paws, remarking as she did so "You've been digging in the ash heap again! You're more trouble than any kid! Now go under the stove and get dry"; and Peter went.

When I left Washington a few days ago my friend's terrace was a scene of beauty that one could sit and look at for hours. Between borders of box, laid out in diamond shaped sections, lovely yellow jonquils were turning their cheerful faces to the sun; pure white hyacinths, rich and glowing tulips, beds of purple hyacinths were all in bloom making a general harmony of color that was like an exquisite piece of tapestry.

On my way home to Boston looking out the car windows I saw trees that were covered with deep pink blossoms, peach trees I suppose, and there were other trees clothed in white and in deep red. The dog-wood and the Judas tree when they are growing side by side are extremely effective.

As I drew nearer home I saw fewer trees in blossom, but the shad bush was just beginning to dot the woods with white, and the gay, golden forsythia kept gladdening my eye all along the way.

Here at Pine Ridge we have had crocuses in bloom for two weeks or more and the modest little grape hyacinth is blossoming on the bank below the sun parlor. The Japanese barberry bushes have leaved out finely and the honeysuckle vines are turning green.

The rain is holding up and the birds are twittering around the bungalow. We are having a hard time trying to force a pair of English sparrows to occupy a bird house we want them to take instead of another that we are keeping empty in the hope that the bluebirds will find it. It has been quite a complicated matter. First, the house on the pole back of the bungalow, near one of my bedroom windows, has been occupied three summers by bluebirds, nut hatches, and English sparrows successively. Early this spring the gray squirrels found it and gnawed around the entrance, enlarging it so much that we said no birds would live in it; but before we had time to take it down, a pair of English sparrows looked at it, and in it, and began to furnish it.

Meanwhile the Man-of-the-Bungalow had made a purchase of two bluebird houses with the design of putting one of them on the same pole in place of the old and injured house. Without thinking about the English sparrows he had the old house taken down and the new one put in its place. The next morning I saw to my dismay a very small English sparrow fly in and take possession of the house, while the mate sat on the top of the house and regarded it with all the satisfaction of ownership. But after a few moments both birds flew away.

A little later in the morning I saw a pair of bluebirds come. The female sat on the top of the house while the male clung to the side and put his head in the door in which position he remained for some time, not going in, but moving his head backward and forward as if he were pecking at something inside.

I was watching him and wondering why he did not go in the house (for I supposed the pair of English sparrows had left it) when he and his

mate flew away, and to my surprise the little English sparrow, evidently a young, timid and blushing bride, came out of the house and also flew away.

Now it became a question of who should have the house. The English sparrow came back first and the Man-of-the-Bungalow rebelled. "I bought that house for the bluebirds," he said, and marching out of the bungalow he put up a ladder, looked in the house to be sure it was not occupied, then stuffed up the hole with paper. "Now the sparrows will have to find another place to build," he said, and as soon as they leave I will open it for the bluebirds."

"Perhaps the sparrows will take that old house again if you put it up for them," I suggested. So the old house has been put up but on the other side of the bungalow. The sparrows have been seen looking at it, but so far they do not take kindly to it. They like the style and the position of the new bluebird house much better, and I have seen them flying round it and pecking at the outside of it, seeming to wonder very much what has happened to it. I confess I feel sorry for their disappointment and I can see that the Man-of-the-Bungalow is not easy in his mind, for he keeps going to the window from which we have a good view of the old house, and asking if the sparrows have been seen going in to it yet.

Perhaps it will end in neither house being occupied this summer.

APRIL 20.—A beautiful Easter Sunday if one does not dislike a cold wind. Yesterday was more to my liking and I spent most of the day out of doors watching the gardening go on and occasionally giving directions about transplanting. Some of my work was experimental, and I shall await with anxiety the results. For example,—will gooseberry bushes live if transplanted after they have begun to bud? I consulted the Man-of-the-Bungalow and he said they probably would not, or if they did they would not bear fruit this year, but as he also said he didn't care if I threw them away as he had never got any good fruit from them yet, I compromised with the bushes and transplanted half of them, leaving the others with a fond recollection of gooseberry jam which Harriet made last year and which I like very much.

Then I had two rose bushes removed to a sunny but rather rocky slope, and the Man-of-the-Bungalow took fond leave of them as he said, "they would never do anything there,—it was impossible." I shall watch them with an anxious eye.

Our young peach and plum trees are loaded with blossoms, but a discouraging visitor came along just as I was gloating over them and said she had heard that "all the blossoms ought to be picked off the first year!"

The Man-of-the-Bungalow has just come in from a walk with Peter, and he presented me with a daffodil which he said he found in the grass behind the bungalow. I noticed in my wanderings about the grounds yesterday that the tulip buds are quite large and there are other daffodils just opening. Some of the wild columbines which I have made every effort to spread about the bungalow and down in the cemetery are budded, and others are coming forward fast. A few ferns are peeping through the earth, but I fear others are either winter-killed or Basil-killed. Basil is so large and heavy that when he chooses a cool fern bed to lie down in, there is not much chance for the ferns.



BASIL AND PETER

Of course all the dogs enjoyed my gardening yesterday and one or more of them bore me company all the time I was out.

This seemed just the morning for the birds to choose their building places so the Man-of-the-Bungalow, encouraged by the fact that we had not seen the pair of English sparrows examining the bird houses for several days remarked that they had probably settled on a summer home farther away from the bungalow where they had had such ill luck in their attempts to take a house, and he opened the closed door of the

bluebird house. About an hour or two later we saw the pair of sparrows seizing the house, squeezing themselves through the door with some difficulty, but evidently bent on taking possession.

"Well, I give it up," said the Man-of-the-Bungalow, "such perseverance and persistence deserves reward. I shan't disturb them again."

Meanwhile there is another bluebird house near the bungalow, and if the bluebirds are not already settled in the old orchard below, where they have been seen looking about them, they can have that house for the asking.

The horses are out in different paddocks enjoying the morning sun. Several of them are in the orchard and I just looked out the window and saw Dandy rolling on the fresh green grass. The church bells are ringing in the village a mile away. I cannot go to church; it is too far to walk and there is no one to drive me on a Sunday, but I can go out in the woods and perhaps my attitude of mind will be more worshipful than that of some who sit in the pews of the churches.

"The groves were God's first temples."

Old Tom is back with us again. He was here for a vacation two summers ago and strange to say Dandy and Jerry remembered him. We are sure of it by their behavior when he was led through the barn past their stalls.

Tom was, or is, one of those horses that are not fond of their kind. He delights to tease other horses, bite and even kick at them, and Dandy and Jerry who are not quarrelsome, particularly disliked Tom. Upon seeing him in the barn they at once showed their displeasure by putting their ears back and scowling at him as he passed by. A domineering temper does not win friends either in man or beast.

We have another new comer, a very large truck horse who met with an accident and was taken to Mr. Merwin's free hospital for horses on Northampton street. He got over the injury but showed such evident need of building up that he was passed on to Pine Ridge Home of Rest for a few weeks' rest and care. He is in one of our largest box stalls, evidently enjoying the comfort bestowed upon him.

I saw a very thin, old horse in a wagon recently and spoke to his owner about him. He promised to send him to Pine Ridge the first of May. I wish that he would leave him there, for he looked to me as if he were beyond work.

And now I will go out in the groves and hear the song sparrows and think of the blessed hope of Easter Sunday.

"There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grains or mellow fruit
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

"And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead."

—ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

LEAGUE NEWS

AND NOTES

During the month of April the League received 448 dogs, 3,032 cats and 35 horses; 110 dogs and 68 cats were placed in homes. Our agents made 1,632 calls and brought in 2,785 animals.

I have just received from boys in the school at Rainsford Island thirty-six compositions on animals. They are very well written and show a good spirit and a love for animals. I would like to print some of them but my paper is so small I cannot make room for many things I would gladly put in if I could. I would also like to mention the names of some of the boys but here again there is a difficulty. I am sending some books for prizes, leaving it to the teacher as to where they had better be placed, for at least a dozen of the compositions were of such uniform excellence that it hardly seems right to praise one above another. If the teacher, Miss Cora W. Sprague, who has for a long time been a member of the League, wishes to do so, I will have her make special mention of some of the boys and send it to me to use in my next paper.

Two rabbits have been sent in. They are nice little rabbits, and we think they have already been spoken for.

During Humane Week the Animal Rescue League sent out leaflets and papers to about sixty school teachers and a number of clergymen. We had special articles in the paper, including a "Letter to Children"; Mrs. Smith spoke in four different school rooms on the subject of Kindness.

Mrs. George Arliss found in Park Square a pigeon so covered with burrs that it could not walk, much less fly. Dr. Sullivan relieved it from the burrs with difficulty. At present writing the pigeon is well and is flying about the place. We are giving it a little chance to recover its strength and spirits before releasing it to join its comrades on Boston Common.

A beautiful white setter was picked up on the streets and brought in by our agent, Mrs. MacCulloch, who saw him running about showing the excitement and anxiety of a lost dog. He made himself useful April 23 by figuring in a play given by the Durant Gymnasium Club for the benefit of clearing up the mortgage on their Club House. He acquitted himself so well that the audience was delighted with him, but he probably will not go on the stage again as he has been taken to a farm near Boston, the owner of which is a great lover of animals.

A young bride received for a wedding present a beautiful collie from the League that was given up by a family who felt as if they could no longer afford to feed him and pay the license. He certainly got into good quarters and has gone to a farm where he has every comfort and luxury that a dog could have. It was the hope of his new owners that he would sleep in the barn to watch the premises, but this he refused to do. After the first night, when he kept them awake by his howling, he was taken into the house where he now finds a sleeping place on one of the new rugs in the living room. He is very intelligent and affectionate and is considered one of the most valuable of the wedding presents.

We plan to have our visiting day at Pine Ridge in June.

We hope to begin our work on our Medfield Branch some time early in the summer. We shall probably have to put up a row of box stalls in the barn and we are planning to plant shrubs and grain to attract the birds to the Bird Reservation. In our June issue of the paper we will give more particulars about this new branch of our work.

The Washington Bazaar about which we have previously written in this paper proved to be a great success. We cannot yet report how much was realized from it, but it was more than we hoped, and enough to give the treasury a comfortable sum to carry on the expenses for the next few months. Miss Martha C. Codman, president of the League, hopes to repeat the Bazaar every year and rely upon it as one of the assets of the League. This League has issued some excellent post-cards of the house and premises they are occupying and also of the emergency stalls which are at one end of the large yard where the dogs are kept. These cards may be purchased, two for five cents; any one interested in the Washington League may apply to the editor of OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS and she will gladly send them.

We hope that the members of the Animal Rescue League Sewing Circle when they are planning their summer work will include work for the animals. A little time given through the summer will provide a number of things for our December Fair if all the members of the Sewing Circle will help. As I before said articles or materials to make articles may be sent at any time to 51 Carver street.

LEFT BEHIND.

Outside of the houses I wander forlorn,
 So hungry and sad and forsaken,
 The houses all closed and everyone gone—
 I wonder why I was not taken
 To beautiful woodlands,
 To mountains and fields
 Where the grass and the trees would make glad
 The heart that is now so weary and sad
 Of a poor little cat that's forgotten.

—MARY S. GRAY.

Letters.

AUBURN, MAINE, Feb. 12, 1919.

MY DEAR MRS. SMITH: I just wish I was worth a million, but I'm not, just simply plain Mrs. Housekeeper, with a moderate sum. I would like the money to use in the cause of noble work outside. My own wants would be simple. I visited my sister who was summering in Conway the past season for the health of her little Max. Among some boys who used to go up to camp to play with him was one they declared they would not have around, as he was not a good principled boy, light fingered, etc. I rather pitied this boy, so little in that town came into his life to brighten it. He had sisters and brothers and busy parents and, of course, a kitten. After a time I managed to get him away from the other boys and tried to interest him, found him to be a kind hearted boy, encouraged him to go back to the village, gave him a few of your little stories and promised him some day I would write to him and send him some more stories. I have written him a good long letter. Now you see, the influence from that little clipping of yours in Boston Post started the ball rolling in Auburn, Portland, Sanford, Saco, and Conway, N. H. To be sure it may be a slow process, up to the present, yet the seed is planted, however, and how far reaching its good influence no one can tell. I feel that my own progress amounts to little as yet, but I have been almost a "shut-in" myself this season. Yet a chance for some good work comes to my door occasionally. I happened to be giving the large cat here an airing in the window one day. Two or more boys were passing, came up over the lawn to speak to "Buster." I made my way to get acquainted, asked them if they liked stories and later they called for some reading matter that I gave them. One boy said his father was a reader and saw in the Boston Post the picture of a dog that he liked the looks of. I said "Well, that dog was one of the dogs of the League that I have been telling you about and the lady who writes these stories is the President of this Animal Rescue League." He seemed very much interested. Said his father came near sending for that dog. Enclosed please find sixty cents for subscription to



Always Ready For
Old Grist Mill Dog Bread
 IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF

A Food Your Dog Will Thrive On

Telephone Your Dealer

Potter & Wrightington, Boston

the magazine, and if there is anything I can do in my small way to help, to encourage you in your noble work I shall be only too glad.

L. L. R.

BROOKLINE, MASS., April 8, 1919.

In reply to your card about the black and white cat that I took February 25 will say that he is a corker, am perfectly delighted with him, and think he is happy and contented and is a great pet.—G. H. F.

BOSTON, MASS., April, 1919.

Your postal in regard to dog 508 received yesterday. I am enclosing a little snap shot of her which doesn't do her justice. She is the sweetest dog as to disposition and affection and we are very fond of her. She has had distemper but it is all over and is as fine and healthy as can be. She has no bad habits and was thoroughly house trained when I got her. Money couldn't buy her now. Thank you for your kindness in letting me have "Lassie."—Sincerely and interestedly yours, MRS. R. B. D.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Every Dog Can Now Have His

SPRATT'S BISCUITS

of the Highest Pre-War Quality.

Spratt's "Meat Fibrine" Dog Cakes, for Large Breeds.

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Spratts Rodnim, the favorite food of the kennel owner.

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Insist on Spratt's For Your Dog's Sake

Write for samples and free catalogue "Dog Culture"

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD.,
 NEWARK, N. J.

WINTHROP, MASS., April 24, 1919.

I am sending \$1.60; \$1.00 to become a member of the Animal Rescue League and the \$.60 for OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS. The little dog I took from the League Aug. 2, 1918 has grown to be a fine dog. She is cured of the mange, has a nice coat of fur. I named her Mignon. Please tell Mrs. Huntington Smith that Dottie Jewel has not forgotten her for if I say "Dottie Jewel, don't you want to go and see the Kind Lady?" she will jump up and bark and run to the door. I never had a dog given so many toys. She has dolls, cats, birds, ball, hens, elephants, Santa Claus, also three brushes and two combs and some of her friends send her letters. She is a wonderful little dog and is making the world very bright.—G. P.

Dogs are like people. We like many, we love but few. Dottie was a little dog that appealed to the editor of the paper so strongly it was not easy to let her go. But we knew she was going to be well cared for and happy with Miss Pike and so have never regretted parting from her.—A. H. S.

The Automatic Electric Cage

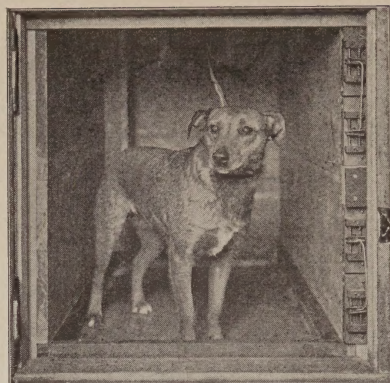
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THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

51 Carver Street

Boston, Mass.



OUR NEW PIN



Every member of the Animal Rescue League ought to have one of our attractive new pins. They will be sent by mail for four cents each in stamps on application to this office.

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Individual care. New large runs.
Established ten years.

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Telephone Dedham 352-W

Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$12 up, according to location.

Cremation

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6.

Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver St., Boston. Tel. Beach 244.

Sixtieth Year

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BOUND VOLUMES OF OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS

Volumes 12 and 13

We have now on hand a number of bound volumes of Our Fourfooted Friends which we will sell at \$1.50 each, about the actual cost of paper and binding. On mail orders add 12 cents for postage.

Those interested in humane education will find these bound volumes of great value.

THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

51 Carver Street, BOSTON

The Animal Rescue League

Organized February 9, 1899

Incorporated March 13, 1899

A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts.



Administration Building, Kennels, Infirmary,
Receiving Station and Crematory
for Small Animals
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON



Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	19 LAMBERT AVE.
NORTH END	39 NORTH BENNET STREET
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE	79 MOORE STREET
STONEHAM	51 MARBLE STREET

Population of cities and towns served	1,000,000
Animals received in 1918	36,218
Animals brought in by visitors	8,622
Copies of humane literature distributed	49,077
Visitors received	35,000



THREE MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND TWELVE AGENTS	} are at work every week day collecting animals.
Number of calls made in 1918	
Number of animals collected	19,680
	27,033

A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 18 years in charge of the League Veterinarian

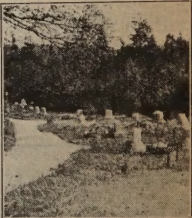
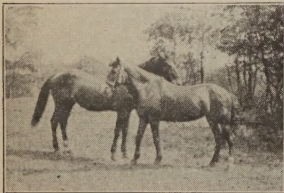
DR. FRANK J. SULLIVAN

Number of animals treated	104,225
Number of cases of small animals treated in 1918	12,050
Number of pedlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1918	400
Number of horses humanely killed, 1918	526
Number of horses given vacations	37



PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES 238 Pine Street, Dedham

A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed.



PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS, 238 Pine Street, Dedham

For maintaining all this work, which is constantly increasing, The Animal Rescue League depends wholly on membership fees, gifts and bequests; and because of the constantly increasing public demands, has never been able to start an endowment fund. Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received, and may be sent to

The Animal Rescue League 51 Carver St., Boston